

BOY'S DREAM OF MILLIONS LEADS TO HIS ABDUCTION

Francis Larkin's Tale of Wealth Tempted Kidnappers, Uncle Believes.

MISSING OVER A WEEK.

Sister Grieves Herself to Death When Lad Fails to Return Home.

Little Francis Larkin heard his uncle and his aunt, who are his guardians, talking over some business connected with an estate of \$40,000 which he will get when he is twenty-one, and, although eleven years will pass before that event, he began to draw mental pictures of what he would do with all this wealth.

For days the burden of Frank's conversation with his playmates on the block was his plans for the disposal of his fortune, and as the idea grew so did his estimate of the amount, and the news spread abroad in the neighborhood of No. 14 St. Mark's avenue, Brooklyn, that some day he would be a millionaire.

Frank's uncle and his aunt, Mr. and Mrs. John McGovern, believe that this childish chatter preys the temptation to kidnappers who are only waiting the time they consider proper to come forward and demand ransom. The lad disappeared Sunday a week ago, and anxiety over his absence caused his sister, Miss May Larkin, to grieve herself to death and has brought his aunt to the edge of nervous prostration.

Estate Tied Up.
The boy is an orphan, and he and his sister have lived with the McGovern family since the death, a year and a half ago, of his father, James Larkin, who worked for the Borough of Brooklyn. McGovern is a policeman attached to the Parkville station, and the police and detective departments of Brooklyn have been working steadily to locate the little fellow. The principal and teacher of Public School No. 111, Vanderbilt avenue and Sterling place, where he was a pupil, are also engaged in the search, as he was popular with them all.

"This money," said McGovern to-day, "is all in real estate and there is no way it can be touched, excepting, of course, to draw the income, until the boy is twenty-one. Frank heard my wife and his sister and me talking about it and asked us some questions, but we didn't pay any attention to him until Mrs. McGovern said to her neighbors that he had been bragging about it among the kids on the block."

"We told him not to do this, but he was a headstrong, although a good hearted and lovable little chap, and I believe some things must have heard of it and concluded he was a good subject for kidnapping."

Went to Church and Vanished.
Miss May Larkin, the boy's sister, was twenty years old and was devoted to her brother. She was a semi-invalid, and when Frank did not return from St. Joseph's Church that Sunday and the days passed she worried and grew steadily more despondent until the following Thursday, when she died. Her funeral took place last Sunday.

Mrs. McGovern said to an Evening World reporter to-day, "I don't suppose he even knows his sister is dead. He was a pretty little fellow and a good boy although he would have his way about the house. He was never punished him, not even when he would run away from home. A week ago last Sunday he started for church, but didn't come back, and my husband found that he and three other little boys had taken a houseboat, and he didn't find Frank until late last night. He had come into the house about this and told him it was wicked, and he seemed very penitent and promised never to do it again. That is why I don't believe he ran away last Sunday, but was stolen."

KILLED A CAT, IS DRIVEN TO CELL AT POINT OF GUN

Conero Marched His Father-in-Law to Station, and Is Also Locked Up.

Antonio Conero, a real estate dealer, marched his father-in-law, Bernard Sheridan, round from the apartment-house at No. 235 East One Hundred and Fifteenth street, where they live, to the East One Hundred and Fourth street police station early to-day, and charged him with murdering a cat. The cat belonged to Conero.

Sheridan had a little round red ring on the back of his neck as the two men were escorted to the desk by Policeman Nikola. Sheridan had budged on the way, and Conero had urged him along with a revolver. The policeman found them arguing on the steps of the station house.

Conero's father-in-law admitted that he had choked the cat to death, but said it was kept him awake and he killed it in his kitchen. He had no grudge against the cat, he said, and that his son-in-law had come home early and stumbled over the corpse of the feline at the front door. He had come into his room with a gun and he charged him with the crime. When Sheridan admitted his son-in-law threatened to shoot him full of holes unless he got up and dressed. With the gun as a persuader he did so.

Hetty Green Quits Simple Life of Hoboken Flat To Join "Reckless Rich" at the Hotel Plaza

Invests in a New Bonnet and Gown, But Otherwise Hasn't Allowed "the Fever of Spending" to Break Out to Any Extent.

ENJOYS LUXURY ABOUT HER.

Contrasts in Mrs. Green's Life From Hoboken to the Plaza

In Hoboken Mrs. Hetty Green's expenses were \$8.50 a week, sometimes less. Her rent was \$19 a month. At the Plaza she spends \$300 a month for her suite. It will cost her at least \$10 a day for meals.

When she lived in her Hoboken flat Mrs. Green spent eleven cents for muslin curtain in her kitchen to keep out the eyes of prying neighbors.

The curtains that screen her from the vulgar gaze at the Plaza are of the finest Valenciennes, and cost as much as half a year's Hoboken flat rent.

Her grocery man in Hoboken never contemplated retiring on the proceeds of Mrs. Green's custom. A quart of milk lasted her three days, he said. It was kept on the window sill to save ice bills.

Peach Melba is about as cheap as dessert as Mrs. Green can eat at the Plaza. Fruits and vegetables imported from all parts of the world are hers—if she pays for them. The price of one fair meal would buy out the stock of the little Hoboken grocer.

In Hoboken, the richest woman in the world could look out on a back yard inhabited by dingy cats, and across which were strung long lines of ragged washing. To see the sky she had to crane her neck.

From the windows of her Plaza suite she can look out at the pleasant green vistas of Central Park and watch the most fashionable turnouts in New York dash across the circle.

She once described the wealthy of the world as being worse than the dwellers in the late lamented Sodom and Gomorrah. "They tried to lure my boy Ned astray," she said, while she fixed up a room in the barn of her country house for his homecoming.

Any time she feels like taking a stroll through the hotel corridors Mrs. Green can bump into people who count their money by the hundred thousands, and in some cases millions, and to whom the luxury that to her seems so wonderful at her first sight has grown to be a simple necessity of life.

From a row of dreary, barracklike, red-brick flats in Hoboken Mrs. Hetty Green, the New England woman, with the wonderful money-spinning brain, who hitherto has posed as the high priestess of retrenchment and riches, has climbed a dizzy ladder to one of the swellest suites at the Plaza. A week ago Mrs. Green was liable to come on the soles of her feet from treading the hard floors and thin carpets of her Hoboken home; to-day she wades about in carpets soft as mush, and instead of lines of washing and recuperating growlers put out to air, can rest her eyes on the spring greenery of Central Park.

Had John D. Rockefeller, arm-in-arm with J. P. Morgan, strolled into James Fads How's National Convention of the Unemployed, and joined in the mad, glad, table-smashing whirl for bread and coffee, their friends wouldn't have felt any more amazement than have Mrs. Hetty Green's intimates over her sudden accession to a \$300 a month dwelling-place.

"It's a pretty fine place, all right, but I've got nothing to say against Hoboken," Mrs. Green, with a faded smile on her rather withered countenance, leaned back against a tapestried lounge in the reception room and tapped her foot against a rug that cost as much as her year's expenses in Hoboken. She has been at the hotel since Sunday with her daughter Sylvia and her famous Skye terrier dog.

New Hat and Gown.

The frazzled looking bonnet that once adorned her head has vanished, but no doubt has not been thrown away. And in place of the rusty black dress that in place of the richest woman in the world used to wear on her walks abroad, she has donned a rather fashionably cut black silk gown. The new hat has actually a pair of pink roses nodding on its crown, a hitherto unheard-of frivolity for Mrs. Green.

As she sat in the reception room and watched the exquisitely gowned women sweeping in to dinner or on their way to their waiting motors, Mrs. Green smiled a happy little smile of perfect content. Perhaps she was thinking of Hoboken and the arduous, and the toothy tooth of whistles from the river, and the long-drawn wail of the trolley, and the hardy perennial German band of that happy burg.

"Well, this is better even than Belton Falls," was all the comment she made, however. Belton Falls is her summer home in Vermont, and is furnished on a quite luxurious scale for Mrs. Hetty Green's ideas of household art.

To strict conformity with her love of incognito, Mrs. Green has ordered the clerk at the Plaza to deny that she is stopping there. Her name does not appear on the register of the hotel.

Although she has appeared in the public dining-room once, she was not recognized, and this has delighted her. She is not afraid of being seen, and is drinking in the spectacle of money being spent as hungrily as if she were a young girl fresh from the country. Indeed, this is Mrs. Green's first opportunity of looking on at society—the society that makes no more of a thousand dollars than she does of the number of cents, and, if reports be true, not as much.

All "Astonishes" Her.

The conveniences and appointments of a great modern hotel were a source of much astonishment to Mrs. Green. In her Hoboken flat the heat used to come in a stifling blast—sometimes through a grating in a bricked-up fireplace. Then again it didn't. An alarm clock ticked the hours noisily, the telephone was in the grocery at the corner. When she looked around the suite she had selected her eye was caught by the automatic clock, the automatic heat regulator and the telephone. She wanted to know about the "contraptions." They told her, and she looked



SYLVIA GREEN, PHOTO COURTESY OF JAMES FADS HOW.

STOCKS ADVANCE AS BUYERS APPEAR

Union and Southern Pacific, Smelting and Amalgamated, Copper Most Favored.

The opening movement of prices in the stock market to-day was narrow and hesitating, and dealings were in only moderate volume. The signs of nervousness were confined to stocks of railroads in the Eastern territory; otherwise advances were the rule. Union Pacific, Southern Pacific and American Smelting rose 1 and Amalgamated Copper and American Locomotive large fractions. Brisk buying set in after the market got well under way and the entire list strengthened.

The total sales of stocks were 447,000 shares, and of bonds, \$1,571,000.

The Closing Prices.

| Stock | High | Low | Last | Change |
|----------------|--------|--------|--------|--------|
| Am. Car & F. | 22 1/2 | 22 1/4 | 22 1/2 | + 1/4 |
| Am. Ice | 22 1/2 | 22 1/4 | 22 1/2 | + 1/4 |
| Am. Locomotive | 100 | 99 1/2 | 100 | + 1/2 |
| Am. Sugar | 100 | 99 1/2 | 100 | + 1/2 |
| Am. Tobacco | 100 | 99 1/2 | 100 | + 1/2 |
| Am. Tea | 100 | 99 1/2 | 100 | + 1/2 |
| Am. Wool | 100 | 99 1/2 | 100 | + 1/2 |
| Am. Cotton | 100 | 99 1/2 | 100 | + 1/2 |
| Am. Rubber | 100 | 99 1/2 | 100 | + 1/2 |
| Am. Paper | 100 | 99 1/2 | 100 | + 1/2 |
| Am. Glass | 100 | 99 1/2 | 100 | + 1/2 |
| Am. Leather | 100 | 99 1/2 | 100 | + 1/2 |
| Am. Lumber | 100 | 99 1/2 | 100 | + 1/2 |
| Am. Coal | 100 | 99 1/2 | 100 | + 1/2 |
| Am. Oil | 100 | 99 1/2 | 100 | + 1/2 |
| Am. Gas | 100 | 99 1/2 | 100 | + 1/2 |
| Am. Electric | 100 | 99 1/2 | 100 | + 1/2 |
| Am. Telephone | 100 | 99 1/2 | 100 | + 1/2 |
| Am. Water | 100 | 99 1/2 | 100 | + 1/2 |
| Am. Street | 100 | 99 1/2 | 100 | + 1/2 |
| Am. City | 100 | 99 1/2 | 100 | + 1/2 |
| Am. State | 100 | 99 1/2 | 100 | + 1/2 |
| Am. Nat. | 100 | 99 1/2 | 100 | + 1/2 |
| Am. Ind. | 100 | 99 1/2 | 100 | + 1/2 |
| Am. Misc. | 100 | 99 1/2 | 100 | + 1/2 |

STABBED IN RESTAURANT.

Herman Leiderman, twenty-four years old, of No. 211 East One Hundred and Eleventh street, was stabbed in a restaurant at Ninety-ninth street and Second avenue to-day by Charles Stein, a peddler of No. 227 East One Hundred and Eleventh street. Stein, who was armed with a table knife, which Stein jabbed three times into Leiderman's back.

The two men had never met before they sat down to the same table in the restaurant. A dispute arose over the food they were eating. Stein tied after the stabbing and was captured at One Hundred and First street and Third avenue. His victim was taken to the Harlem Hospital.

FIRE THREATENS TO WIPE OUT OHIO TOWN.

COALTON, O., May 5.—Fire threatens the destruction of the business district of this place. The police station, the town hall and the fire department have already been destroyed and a heavy wind is blowing. Coalton is in Jackson county and has about 1,800 residents.

SAILS LAUNCH BY CATALOGUE; IS IN HOSPITAL

"The Launch, Or Where Is She?"—For Particulars Apply to Flushing Bay.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Schneider returned from Flushing to their home, at No. 343 West Forty-ninth street, to-day, firmly entrenched in the belief that fate has not determined them for a nautical career.

Mr. Schneider declared that the next time he bought himself a naphtha launch he would give it its first trial on Broadway, preferably within hailing distance of several hospitals.

The Flushing Hospital had done very well by him, also. Mr. Schneider but it was a dreadfully uncomfortable trip to the hospital from the midst of Flushing Bay, where they were tossed when their new yacht decided to disperse itself into myriad storms.

The Schneiders bought the launch on Broadway, where they were convinced that he had a rare bargain. After he had read the catalogue of the company he felt it was almost a gift. Furthermore, as he read the idea took root that the mechanism of a naphtha launch was as simple as that of a gas stove in a Harlem flat.

His Book-Taught Lore.

He studied the thing up in his office all day yesterday, and when he went home in the evening he thought Mrs. Schneider with his book-taught lore, "Wouldn't it be fine to try the boat right off?" said Mrs. Schneider.

Schneider hugged his spouse for the suggestion and they hastened to a taxi-stand and set out for Flushing Bay, where the little boat was moored.

They found it costly bobbing on the waves, its brasswork sparkling in the soft light of the new moon. The mariner watchman was not on the job, however, to help out, so Schneider had to go about his launching with only the catalogue to guide him. But after he had lighted the little green lamp on the starboard rail and the little red light on the port, and provided Mrs. Schneider with a lantern he felt that there was no reason on earth why they shouldn't have a sail.

Stuck His Finger in the Naphtha.

So that he might have ample room to make a start in, after he had stuck his finger in the naphtha tank and found it full he cast off from his buoy. Then he got out his catalogue again and began turning little knobs and wheels and things as the literature suggested. While so engaged the tide swept him gently out into the bay.

His good wife had perfect confidence in him until he ignited a match and applied the flame to the nearest tube. Then there was a blinding flash and a succession of small explosions, followed by a billow of nasty smoke. This passed away in a few seconds, however, with no further damage than the singeing off of Schneider's hair.

When he fully recovered his aplomb he said:

"Then He Took the Count."

"Nonsense," cried book-taught Schneider, "I will get it this time." So he ignited another taper and turned a few knobs and opened a half dozen valves or so.

"I got it," he explained to-day as he adjusted his bandages. "I had thought there was something the matter with the flow of fuel. There wasn't. I touched it all off at once, and Mrs. Schneider and I were blown out into the bay somewhere."

"My wife, thank God, landed in shallow water, and managed to scramble to her feet and save herself from drowning. I considered myself drowned two or three times before a fisherman dragged me out."

"As for the Lucy—that was my yacht's name—there isn't a peg left of her. In fact, the fisherman who rescued me said something about seeing the last red hot nail of her shooting through the fragment in the direction of City Island. I guess I wasn't cut out for a yachtsman, and Mrs. Schneider, who I am glad to say escaped with only a severe ducking, agrees with me."

SLAIN BY HOLD-UP MEN AND THROWN INTO UPPER BAY

Relatives of Robert Schneider Deny That He Took His Own Life.

"There is absolutely no reason to think that Robert Schneider committed suicide, and every indication points to the theory that he was held up, robbed and thrown into the upper bay," said William O'Hara, a cousin of the man whose body was found near Clifton, S. I., after being missing since April 22.

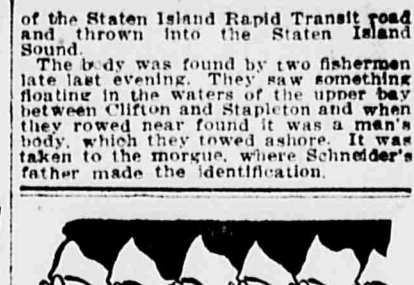
O'Hara was the last of Schneider's relatives who saw him alive, and to-day he examined the body with Coroner Cahill. Schneider visited O'Hara, who lives in Second street, New Brighton, the afternoon of the day he disappeared.

"He was in great good humor," continued O'Hara. "I never saw a man who was more pleased over his prospects. He was thirty-four years old, engaged to be married, he had several thousand dollars in a bank in New York and was responsible partner with the American Locomotive Company."

"Robert left me saying he was going to walk to Richmond Terrace and wait for a car there to take him to his home on Manhattan street, West Brighton, where he lived with his father, Joseph Schneider. He had between thirty and forty dollars in his pocket, wore a diamond ring, a scarf pin and a gold watch and chain. His father, myself, and all his relatives, in fact, think that the absence of these things from the body is enough evidence that he was held up and murdered."

So positive are Schneider's relatives that the young man did not kill himself that they have requested the Detective Bureau and the District Attorney to make a thorough investigation, although there is very little to go on.

Richmond Terrace is a lonely place, and for a year or more there have been numerous robberies and hold-ups there. One theory is that Schneider reached there late in the evening, was robbed and his body carried across the tracks



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